

Purple Parrot

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OCTOBER, 1940

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Northwestern University's Magazine of Collegiate Life

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EXTRA DISTANCE IN HIS DRIVES— EXTRAS IN HIS CIGARETTE

YES, LARRUPING
LAWSON LITTLE—NATIONAL
OPEN CHAMPION—PREFERS
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES
THE "EXTRAS"—
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS



I TURNED TO CAMELS
FOR
EXTRA MILDNESS
AND FOUND SEVERAL
OTHER SWELL EXTRAS, TOO,
INCLUDING EXTRA SMOKING.
SLOWER BURNING
SURE IS THE TICKET
FOR
STEADY SMOKING

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WATCH OUT, PAR—here comes *Little!* No, Lawson Little is never content unless he can better par . . . in his golf . . . in his cigarette. "I want *all* the mildness I can get in my cigarette," he says. "Camels burn slower and give me extra mildness. And Camels also give me something else I never found before—flavor that doesn't tire my taste." Yes, Camels give all the qualities you want plus an extra measure of each. The extra flavor of costlier tobaccos preserved by slower burning. The natural mildness and coolness of costlier tobaccos plus freedom from the irritating qualities of too-fast burning. And on top of extra pleasure—Camels give extra value (see panel at right).

YOU WATCH that ball go screaming off the tee and you shake your head. *How* does he do it? Form, timing, power, wrist action, control . . . he has them all—but Lawson Little has that *extra measure* of each which makes the difference between a good golfer and a champion. Just as the *extras* in his cigarette . . . Camel . . . make the difference between smoking and smoking pleasure at its best.

EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**



GET THE "EXTRAS"—WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS



**MY NAME IS
BRAEMAR**

and Hawick, Scotland is where I was born. Native Shetland and fine cashmere comprise my ancestry. I was designed and fashioned with the greatest of skill. And I hope you will be proud of me. I can be had in delicate pastels or luscious autumn shades, and if you buy me I promise to serve you well for a long time to come. And . . . despite my troubles overseas I cost no more than I ever did before.

Slipovers \$12.50 — Cardigans \$14.00

There are lots of us at

**MILBURN'S ON CHURCH STREET IN EVANSTON
ALSO AT KRÈMER'S, PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO**

Campus Classics

(Snapped in action)

This page conveys only a minute picture of the comprehensive college fashion collection in The Hub's Evanston Women's Shop. Throughout the year you'll find a carefully selected, yet impressive array of apparel for every occasion from "tom-boyish" activities to all-important formals where thrilling femininity is a prime necessity. Stop in soon . . . we know you'll be happily surprised at the number of even your most "whimsical" clothes ideas we can satisfy.

THE HUB

Henry C. Lytton & Sons

WOMEN'S SHOP • Sherman and Church • EVANSTON



ZIP LINED LUXURY \$19.95

The famous all-weather, all-season coat in camel-hair-and-wool, the self camel hair lining zips in or out with a twist of the wrist . . . Natural only . . . Sizes 9 to 17.



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Brown or black glen plaids, sizes 9 to 17 . . . Jacket, \$7.95; skirt, \$4.95; slacks, \$4.95; shortie skirt, \$3.95 . . . Shetland sweaters, natural, clay, green or blue, sizes 32 to 40 . . . \$2.95 . . . Jersey shirt \$3.95



CONTRAST SUIT \$18.95

Wool-and-camel hair jacket with brown shetland skirt . . . A wardrobe duo with many, many purposes . . . The dashing jigger coat of wool and camel hair is an ideal complement to this suit . . . Sizes 9 to 17 . . . \$15.00

Demonstrated on this month's cover of the PURPLE PARROT is the charming theme of new students making new acquaintances with new students while enjoying the new gardens of the new Scott hall.

Purple Parrot

Pictured, left to right, are: Rupert Koelling, Bette Battjes, Dick Seibert, Marjorie Vickery, Mildred Murphy, and Frank Crowe. A Graphic photo by Jim Bixby.

OCTOBER, 1940

Northwestern's Magazine of Collegiate Life

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CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.

For Women:

White tailored blouse, 12-20,
\$6.95

Brown or black wool gabar-
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Beige camel's hair and wool
jacket, 12-14, \$22.95

Casual Clothes, Fourth Floor

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Millinery, Fifth Floor

For Men:

Wing-back felt hat, \$5

Brown covert trousers, \$7.95

Camel's shade jacket, \$17.50

*Men's Clothing,
Second Floor*

Football Fashion Event 1940

Borrowed from the Men—Since men are more than a "side line" with most college women, their sport clothes have been mimicing the men's more every year. It all began with shirts, but compare the lapels, the pockets, the buttons and materials in these two costumes . . . they're alike as twins. And as terrifically exciting as when Northwestern scores a 70 yard touchdown against Ohio State.



Jean Chubb, Pi Beta Phi

CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.

Red wool chinchilla coat with a detachable hood and green herringbone lining. 9-13. \$22.95.

Short coat style without hood. 9-15. \$17.95.

Fluffy-furred favorite in oatmeal, taupe brown, peridot green or red. 9-15. \$69.95.

*Junior Miss Shop,
Fourth Floor*

*Pony Fur Shoes, \$7.75
Shoes, Third Floor*

*Wide-brimmed Casual
Felt Hat, \$5.00*

Millinery, Fifth Floor



Patti Dorsey, Gamma Phi Beta

Football Fashion Event 1940

The Fad and the Fancy . . . Naturally you want to be well-dressed at the first game of the season, but there's more than one fashion means to gain your goal. If you're a fashion leader, choose the siren-red wool chinchilla hood-coat. But if classic fur is your pet, you'll be first in line to get the handsome coat trimmed with a lavish fluff of white-fox-dyed lynx.



Chuck Newton, Phi Gam, wearing a saddle stitched gabardine sport shirt (\$5) corduroy vest (\$5) glen plaid sport coat (\$16.50) and Dobbs Harrier hat (\$6)

HUB'S EYE VIEW OF Sportswear



Lou Shaw, Sig Chi, wearing amherst two-tone sport jacket (\$12.50) McGregor sleeveless sweater (\$2.50) and campus cord Pork Pie hat (\$2)

Hub Roll Call

- Covert Suits \$37.50
- Covert Slacks \$8.50 to \$12.50
- Tweed Suits, 1 and 2 Trousers
\$33.50 to \$40
- Reversible Raincoats . . \$26.50
- Sports Coats \$16.50 to \$22.50
- Campus Cords \$5
- Popular Priced Full Dress
and Tuxedo Combinations

THE HUB
Henry C. Lytton & Sons

Orrington and Church, EVANSTON



A Birds Eye View

HAVING HAD some experience ourselves with the problems of publicity, we really should like to help out our Syllabus friend, Wally Giedt, to put his little book across. In fact, we spent many a sleepless hour trying to plot some new way to promotion success. We didn't achieve a great deal. But we did think of the plan of lining up pretty girls on the staff for a free kiss with each subscription, or perhaps just a simple little poster with the words in fairly bold type, "The Syllabus needs YOU." The last time these two sales plans were used, they were quite effective. In fact, we feel sure that any system of propaganda which has proven efficient in securing men to fight a profiteer's war should surely give the little added push which would turn a sceptic into a Syllabus subscriber.

*

Another bit of work which attracted our attention was on our own staff. Browzing gaily through a copy of last year's Log (Navy Magazine), he came across this joke:

"Ah, now I can sleep," he said as they turned out the lights in the house across the street.
To our enterprising humorist, that just wasn't funny. Seeing that it was credited to the Parrot, therefore, he worked his way back through two years of the publication until he came to its printing there. Right, there it was. But again it was credited, this time to the Rammer Jammer. So back went our earnest young assistant through the exchange mags, until finally, with a sigh of relief, he found it.

"Ah, now I can sleep," he said as they turned out the lights in the sorority house across the street.
Which we thought an interesting bit of research.

HOUSING

With its new pledge class and returned alums, the Phi Kap house is having some difficulties with its rooming. In this case, it's Ed Malott and Al Boulton. The solution finally achieved is that they are now rooming in a converted powder room. It sounds all right, but they haven't yet figured out what to do when the house throws its first party.

WARNING

This comes from Montana, but we think it's good enough to print here. Don Stanfield, a student at the state college there, is the hero. Don is one of those boys who likes to get around — hung his pin twenty-three times in one year, once hung his pledge pin over a brother's active pin, etc. But when he met a certain girl named Peggy it seemed that he had met his Waterloo.



He just didn't seem to be getting anywhere at least not until one night when Peggy was heard to talk in her sleep. Her direct quotation, as it was given us by one of her sorority sisters was, "Don, if I didn't love you so much, I'd slap your face." We are beginning to wish that we had really barreled in our Psychology.

CUPID

Looking at the cover picture, we noticed how uneasy the members of the larger grouping were as contrasted with the two, who are strolling up the walk. Of course it was the first time they had ever met, and of course they were posed, but if some of them were going to look uneasy, why shouldn't they all? We checked. They were busy arranging a date.

SHOTGUN

One of the freshmen had a somewhat thrilling experience on a first date last summer. The girl was nice, and they had had a nice time. Now they were



lingering on the porch for those good-night ceremonies that are always so painful on a first date. She was standing there, probably giggling nervously, and he was muttering the last rites when an ant ran across the porch. He moved to step on it, and she yelled out, rather too shrilly "No, no, John. Don't do that!" Immediately a bed was heard to creak upstairs, and her father came running down in his flannel nightgown shouting, "Daughter, daughter, is everything all right?"

PROCESSION

Girls will go to great lengths to make a good impression when they move into a new house, but the best we have seen was one Hobart house girl the other night. As she walked into the quad, her escort followed gaily behind six men, chaingang style and singing. As they passed the Tri-Delt house, they broke into "Oh, Tri Delta," which continued almost to the very threshold of Hobart. Then they lined up to say goodnight in turn.





Illustrated by
Roberta Shinn

THE EDUCATION OF BUCK SWENSON

By JERRY WESLEY

HOW BUCK SWENSON ever got into a university I'll never know. Think of it—there are millions of kids, probably even a few geniuses among them, who want to get into universities but never can. Yet here comes Buck.

And of all the universities in the United States he had to pick Northwestern.

It was one of those hot days in rush week when all of the rushees were sweating in their bright, new suits and the treasurer was worrying about the size of the coke bill. More for self preservation than kindness to the rushees, our fraternity had set the precedent of letting the boys stroll around without either coats or neckties. Perhaps the word had spread and that's what drew him. I'll never know.

There are probably a lot of you who have been slightly startled to find a Beta pin suddenly sprouting from the sweater of your best girl. You may even be the one to have had the singular experience of hearing a prof say, "That's all right. Get it in sometime next week," when you didn't have your Monday paper. Your surprise on these occasions is infinitesimal in comparison to my amazement on first seeing this Ripleyan creation walk into the room. I admit it; I gasped! Then I started to run.

It was a Real Montana Cowboy. I'd know one anywhere. Let's start at the feet.

His feet were as little as a mule's. They were encased in the real thing, high heeled riding boots that must have cost forty bucks at the Red Boot and that pinched at every step. His legs aimed out at about a twenty degree angle until they reached his knees, then headed back to form a nice, diamond shaped bow. His hips were such that any girl would have been proud of them according to this year's fashion plates. He was wearing whipcord britches, held up by a rattlesnake belt. It didn't take a long rattlesnake. Then he started building out to the shoulders. Those shoulders would have made up a whole defensive line.

If you have the average drug-store information, you probably think a checked shirt indicates a cowboy. It doesn't. They might wear them when they're working, but this boy was in formal dress. His shirt was blue, baby blue, with white horse shoes woven into the collar and his name written above the pocket. And it was satin, flowing satin.

Why go on? He had pale blue eyes, and a dark tan Gary Cooper face with almost immobile lips. He was wearing a white stetson, with a straight brim.

I didn't make good my escape. Before I had reached the stairs, one of the brothers caught me and the usual began.

"Here, Buck, I want you to meet one of our boys from your home state, Jim Larkin."

YOUNG LOCHINVAR comes out of the West to find that education does not come solely from professors

"How do you do, Buck?" I muttered.

"Howdy."

There it was, the only thing necessary to make the night-mare complete—the worst drawl that ever got out of *Western Story* or into a microphone.

I wrangled him over to a couch, where he sat timorously on the outer three inches of cushion. Then I began to talk about all of the Montana boys in the house, made up a few acquaintances whom he was surprised not to know from Fort Benton (his home town), and was well into the gush about the honey atmosphere in the house by dinner time.

Yes, we pledged him.

Now, fraternities aren't just eating houses; they have a mission. You've heard of it in the *Daily*. And it's old stuff in Upsilon Chi. They're supposed to make men, not women. They're to turn high school kids into something resembling either intelligence or fashion plates. So the house took special interest in Buck; he was a real problem. After a couple of months, though, they grew weary so they turned the whole thing over to me. They gave me the honorary title of his "big brother." Think of it, five and one half feet of flesh and timidity turned into big brother for over six feet of bone and rhinoceros hide!

Using threats I couldn't back up and tricks that even a lawyer would hesitate to utilize, I got him over the hurdles of grades and clothes. Then came the main part of his education: women. The boys were sure that they had a Don Juan in Buck and weren't going to lose any chance to get the fraternity's name on south quads. I warned then that they really would get it there if they sent Buck, and also mentioned that it had taken a damned good poet to extricate the first Don Juan from the difficulties into which his ignorance led him. Let the girls admire Buck if you want to, I pleaded, but don't let them get their hands on him. But the boys were adamant.

I had a girl then. She was nice; her eyes were blue, her hair was the color of hay, and she had three freckles. The boys decided that she was just the one to educate him: one of the family, so to speak. Being quite sick of the names that they were calling me for holding back, I finally arranged a date. We really dressed him up that day. He wore my tie, Joe's cuff links (yes, even a starched collar), and Bill's topcoat. He almost looked human.

He wowed her. He wowed the whole sorority. He wowed the whole blooming quad.

They called him quaint. They called him cute and every girl on campus fell in love with him. Cute! What an appellation for this second son of King Kong. I'll bet girls even call Frankenstein cute. Anyhow, he made a hit.

Two days later, I was writing a theme. I had lots of time for themes now, for girls had really hogtied Buck's time. It was evening and I was in a mean mood. Suddenly the door burst open—at least it opened somehow and the hinges were still there. In came Buck. That young St. Bernard had a grin spread over thirty-five acres of his face.

"Jim," he shouted, "Jim, she kissed me!"

I don't know what's so wonderful about that; I'd have been more surprised if she hadn't. Perhaps he was surprised that she had waited so long. I sat there waiting.

"Well?"

"Gee, Jim, I have to marry her now, don't I?"

That was too much. "Now wait a minute, Buck," I started, "girls have kissed boys before. One even kissed me once." I smiled with some happiness at the recollection. "Of course, if you want to, you can hang your pin. . . ."

"But I've done that already, Jim," Buck answered. He displayed his vacant vest.

"Get out," I shouted, "get out and let me study!" Then, as an afterthought I added a weak, "Congratulations."

Life settled down after that. The girl took over my tutoring position with Buck; she taught him to walk on the outside of the walk, to wear a tie even when the weather was too warm for it to be comfortable, to open doors, etc. She really did a fine job and I had some hope that he had turned into a smooth boy. It looked that way.

In fact, it wasn't until the end of May that I became a big brother again. The scene was much the same; I was sitting in my room studying Plato and cussing at the shadows of people whom I could see walking along the beach. The door opened, slowly this time. It was Buck. I think there were tears in the big boob's eyes.

"Jim," his voice trailed off.

"Yes, Buck?"

"Jim, I just saw Mary kissing some Sigma Chi."

I almost went soft. The poor kid sounded so downhearted.

"Don't worry about it, Buck, girls have done that before, too. It's kind of a habit with some girls. They think they're being kind to the fellows by kissing them when they're taken home. You see, kissing isn't all it used to be."

His eyes started to light up in a peculiar way as I went through my speech. His voice was rising in pitch as he asked, "Then you mean that girls kiss even people that they don't intend to marry?"

"Of course they do."

"And I don't have to marry her?"

"Who in hell said you ever did?"

It actually warmed me to hear the shout that came from him at these words. "Yippee," he screeched. It was a cowboy's cry on coming home at the end of a day's hard work.





BY JAMES CYNE

RECENTLY a large national picture magazine featured a couple of Northwestern University girls giving their sorority house a shot in the arm preparatory for Rush Week. The girls were shown, and quite ceremoniously too, 'woman' handling small pieces of furniture and hanging decorations and curtains . . . "leaving (this is a quote) the heavier pieces to their sophomore boy friends."

Naturally, our admiration goes out to these girls who have extended themselves so much to make their house as attractive as possible for the impressive Rush Week activities. And also, we couldn't help reflecting on similar preparations by the women who attended school at the forerunner of the present women's division of the university. Theirs was a unique life and rather comparable to that of our modern college girl, strange as it may seem.

The idea of a college for women in the late eighteen fifties was not the accepted thing that it is today. And when the Northwestern Female College received its charter, the nearby Northwestern University (for men) considered it a radical move. The institution was dubbed "Fem-Sem," and the fact that the president was a man, Professor Jones, made the school even harder to stomach.

However, the girls were too busy wondering how they were going to be able to have the comforts of home (1830 style) in this almost backwoods country to bother with a few caustic and smutty remarks by "the boys." They were also wondering, and really very seriously, about the efficient organization of class work and study.

The living quarters were considered first. It must have been disheartening to prospective students when they compiled a list of common necessities, having been supplied with little more than bare walls and a couple of doors. The pioneer students were required to furnish their own towels, lights, furniture (except stoves), bedsteads, tables, washstands, chairs, and mattresses. They were advised to bring about \$2.50 for small items, and to bring napkins and forks. Incidentally their baggage was not made lighter by corsets, bustles, waterfalls, and numerous petticoats.

However, extravagance, regardless of whether it could or couldn't have been achieved, was frowned on. In any case, extreme neatness was absolutely required. In that respect, the old girls of the '60's were similar to those of today.

After testimonials of good moral character had been submitted . . . and all the furniture and fixings arranged . . . and numerous books bought in Chicago, work was ready to begin in earnest.

An extensive curriculum was set up that would give the girls a thorough mental discipline. Courses in elementary mathematics and philosophy were given during the first three years and this was followed by a year of natural and physical science and more advanced thought courses. And the system worked very well until a defect in the hot air furnace, their most modern convenience, caused a fire that burned the whole place to the ground.

This wasn't the end for a new building was erected by the sturdy Professor Jones. During the time the new school was being built, the girls were boarded generously in the homes of the professors. Several years later the school was merged with a new institution known as the Evanston College for Ladies (located in what we now call Old Willard Hall).

By this time, the Civil War was over and both the school and the country saw rapid development. The girls were taught bookkeeping in order that they could make account sheets for each week, to be submitted to a division teacher. These sheets included small expense items such as candy, pins, curlers, calico, and aprons.

But even under the circumstances, the girls managed to enjoy themselves. The spirit of the times brought high-wheeled bicycles, ice cream, lake excursions, student publications, and lectures on hygiene by Dr. Sarah H. Stevenson. They organized many costume parties and peanut picnics (peanuts, strawberries, and ice cream). But their very favorite was a game of grammatical errors in which the professor took part and fines paid for said errors. These were supplemented by church entertainments, debates, and calisthenics (quite new then).

And through all these actions, the girls were considered 'wild' by the men at the nearby university. However, each Sunday morning they formed a very picturesque group as they marched two by two . . . hoop skirts, shawls, bonnets, and demure . . . to the church with Professor Jones leading the procession in his Prince Albert coat and 'black-plug' hat.

(Continued on page 43)



A PURPLE PARROT STORIETTE

(Complete on this page)

By GEORGE WATSON

"DR. ANDREWS?"

"Yes, will you sit there, please." She was marvelous! I sat upright and put on my glasses.

"Doctor—I want you to help me."

"I'll do all I can, of course. Tell me what's troubling you."

"You see—" she began—grimaced, squirmed, then blurted,

"Doctor, I've driven my aunt mad!" She seemed relieved, and looked at me expectantly.

"Mad! Oh come, now."

"Really. I left her just this morning, chattering gaily to her husband who has been dead three years."

"What makes you think you had anything to do with it?"

"Oh, but I had *everything* to do with it—it's all my fault."

With this, two tears swelled in her big blue eyes, and I had difficulty maintaining my professional attitude. She was even attractive while sniffing noisily, and in the interim in which she was trying to regain control of her voice, I noticed her well-cut clothes, expensive fur, and smart hat. Because a patient's reactions are so much more important than words, I moved over to the edge of the desk where I could observe her closely as she talked. . . .

"It began when Uncle Charlie died. I brought Aunt Char to New York hoping that I could make her forget the tragedy, but just being away from where Uncle Charlie was buried seemed to make her worse, and I was about to take her back home when something happened."

She was talking excitedly, now.

"Yes?"

"One evening she told me she had been speaking with Uncle Charlie! She had met a 'medium' who had succeeded in contacting Uncle Charlie's spirit, and she had talked to him for several minutes. She wanted to believe it so badly—it made me glad just to see her smile again, and I—well Doctor, I went to the medium and told him all about Uncle Charlie. Little things that only Aunt Charlotte and I could know about him—you know—the way he liked baked ribs for dinner—things like that. From then on she seemed supremely happy, but things were getting badly messed up at the country house and I was anxious to go home. When I broached the subject to Aunt Char she wouldn't even consider it.

"Oh no," she said, 'I must stay here where I can be with Charlie.'"—I nodded my understanding.

"Then I began to get frantic. We'd been four months in the city and I had already paid a small fortune to the medium, but I gave him a lot more to have Uncle Charlie tell Aunt Char to go home. Well, Auntie packed up quickly and we returned to the re-opened house. The second day there I was reading in my room when I thought I heard Auntie call me, and I hurried across the hall.

"No, Barbara," she said, 'I was talking to your uncle.' I walked into Auntie's room and there across from her she had drawn up an extra chair to the tea-table, and was carrying on a one-sided conversation with it. Since then she has grown worse—always sets a place at the table for Uncle—talks more

A. B. Andrews, M.D.

510 Fifth Avenue

New York

to him than to me. I feel so guilty—if I hadn't paid that medium—"

The girl's voice trailed off. I patted her sympathetically a few times and a few more times just for the sheer pleasure of it.

"I think your Aunt could be cured of her hallucinations, but I'm afraid she would return to her original apathetic condition."

"Won't you even see her? If you'd only drop out for dinner some night and make it appear to be a social call—"

She was so *darned* good-looking. I could ignore the old gal and just enjoy her niece's loveliness. . . .

"All right—let's make it Friday evening."

Just as I was leaving my office building Friday evening a big blue convertible knifed in to the curb, and a light voice said, "You haven't forgotten our engagement?" It was the girl with the eyes, looking lovelier than ever with the wind tousling her hair. I slid into the seat and sat on my left leg so that I could look at her profile instead of the traffic. A stodgier man than I would have been moved, skimming through traffic towards the open country with such a Venus-like creature beside him. If her Aunt thought she was Napoleon I was determined not to let it bother me. I wasn't surprised when we drove up a long driveway to a huge colonial house—she was obviously wealthy. Behind the butler who took my hat trailed a small white-haired woman who greeted us warmly.

"I'm always glad to meet Barbara's New York friends." She turned to Barbara. "Will you take him to the library? Your uncle was late getting home again and dinner won't be for a short while." Barbara and I exchanged glances.

In the dining room *four* places were set at the long table.

"Charlie will be down in a minute—he's so slow." Aunt Charlotte was damnably cheerful about it. "Was it hot in the city?"

"It isn't bad so near the la—" Suddenly my scalp prickled and I gripped the arms of my chair. Someone was coming down the stairs. The footsteps came slowly up behind my chair.

"Oh, here you are, dear." Aunt Charlotte glanced above my head. I wheeled about in my chair and suddenly felt quite ill. There stood Uncle Charlie, smiling and extending his hand. Habit forced me to take it, and I noticed with relief that his hand was warmer—much warmer than mine. He sat down opposite me and, ignoring my stare, said, "Baked ribs? great! I damn near starved on those business men's luncheons downtown. Andrews, aren't you with the psychiatry clinic?" Then lowering his voice, "I'd like to talk to you in the library after dinner—about Barbara."



September 25th

Dear Cecily,

It's so confusing!

We were tearing up the Outer Drive when suddenly Dad realized that *all* the cars were going the other way.



"This must," said Dad, "be the wrong street."

So we backed up into Jackson Park where the sign said "Keep off the grass." But Mother said that was only for people *walking*. So I guess it was all right.

Then we asked some man which way Evanston was. And he said, "Just keep on going sixty miles an hour and when you're arrested, you'll be in Evanston."

So we did. And we were. But Mother just smiled at the policeman and said, "You know, you're the *first* person my daughter has met at Northwestern. A Preserver of the *Peace*. How *significant!*"

Willard Hall, the place where I'm staying is *too* divine. Mrs. Hill put me in the coziest little room. My roommate had already unpacked and gone when I arrived, so I unpacked, too. When I was *all* done, *another* girl walked in and said, "I'm Jane and you must be Fritzie" and "My roommate!" and "I'm *so* glad to meet you," and flew at me, simply *ruining* the gardenia Jack had given me for going away.

"But I'm not," I said.

"Not *what?*" she said.

"Not Fritzie. Not your roommate. *Not* glad to meet you."

It was the *first* gardenia I had ever had.

You see, I knew my roommate's name was Helen. It turned out that I had stopped on the third floor instead of the fourth and that I had been in 317 instead of 417, which was my right room. But, oh Cecily, I liked the orange striped wallpaper on third. It was *so well* with my new bathrobe.

The rushing teas started the next day. I didn't know *any* Greek, so I just walked up to the first door I saw and pushed the bell. A kind of buzzing noise came back—like those you hear when someone upstairs in an apartment means O.K.

I opened the door and walked in. There was no one around,

but mother had told me not to be *shy*, be *firm*, so I went down some stairs. And *right* into the kitchen. Oh, *Cecily*. They were very nice, though, and took me upstairs where there were lots of other girls. They were *very* nice. They introduced me to everyone. I've *never* met so many people. I talked and met people and talked and met people and said "I'm Marx" to So and So, and So and So was *so* glad to meet me. After just ages someone said, "Wouldn't you *like* to sign our guest book?"

I said, "Yes." Then I just stood.

"Doesn't the pen work?" she asked.

"I can't," I gasped weakly, "I can't remember my name." Then I collapsed on an ash tray, and the whole works upset on my black velvet.

When they had brushed me off and I had remembered who I was, I left. By the *front* door. And I walked into all the other houses by the front after that.

Just as I was leaving the Gamma Delta Iota house, I was introduced to a College Man. His name was Bill, and he had beautiful eyes and dark eyebrows that went up! Oh, *Cecily*.

That night we had a house meeting at which we were told what not to do. All the girls wore their slinkiest housecoats, and had their hair stuck *casually* up on top of their heads. They smoked one cigarette after another as though they had been doing it all their lives, and talked about the *smooth* men who simply *fell* over each other in Willard lobby getting to them. I just smiled and thought of Bill.

The next week I went to the Freshman dance. It was for freshmen only. There are lots more freshmen boys than girls. I never saw so many men. And, Cecily, most boys start in college *much* older than I thought. Most of them must have kept

their high school fraternity pins, too.

I've never been so popular. (Even if I did spill punch on my black velvet and sit down in a puddle of coke on the steps.) People cut in every two steps, and I refused *fifteen* invitations to be taken home! Ree-ally!

Bill was there. He was the sixteenth. We walked home by the lake because we were tired and the sidewalks on Sheridan Road are so hard. Lots of other people were tired, too. I kept trying to remember the names of all the cute boys



PORTIA McCLAIN had a nightmare of

Freshman Week that came true...

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SAYLES

who said they were going to call me up and when they would call and what I was going to say. Which was all quite difficult, because Bill had *such* nice eyes.

The next day I pledged Gamma Delta Iota.

Yesterday three girls came over. They said, "You're Marx, aren't you? We want to take you out for a coke." La, la. I didn't remember ever seeing them before, but they were wearing little pins that had $\Gamma \Delta I$'s on them, so I guess they were $\Gamma \Delta I$'s, like me. We went to the Huddle. The Huddle is the place to go when one has everything else to do and does it tomorrow.

Bill was there. He was with two girls, but there is safety in numbers, I always say. He smiled at me, anyway. Oh, Cecily.

On Wednesday, I had the most harrowing experience. I went to see my college adviser. I walked into his office and there he stood. Six feet four inches of him at least!

"What are you doing here?" he shouted.

What was I doing there? Oh yes. I had an adjointment—er—I meant an appointment.

"Are you on Time?"

I smiled.

"Who am I?" he roared.

Goodness! If he didn't know himself—Thank heaven I had memorized his name.

It was—what was it!

"It's something like," I gasped weakly before going under, "like egg-nog."

He turned out to be Mr. Cornog with the prettiest black curly hair. Imagine having *him* for English!

Registration came on Friday. Most of the masses looked tired and fussed and wrote a lot, but I had a wonderful time. Such nice boys steered me around the tables and told me about music appreciation and Latin literature. On the way out, too, some more nice people checked things on my card that I hadn't even *thought* about. Courses called parrot and syllabus, which they said I would have been simply a *failure*

without. Just think, Cecily, two little pencil marks making *all* that difference in one's College Career!

Bill was there. In face, everything was *perfect* except for one minor mistake. I wrote down GRE 7300 instead of UNI 7300 on all my cards. But Bill said the Evanston firestation was *awfully* sweet about telling everyone that they just put out the fires, not started them.

That night I got stuck in the elevator at Willard. Between second and third.

But I wasn't a *bit*

scared. I just sat down and thought about all the nice waiters in white coats and gravy, and pretty soon someone with nervous prostrations got me out.

Bill had called in the meantime. Since I wasn't there my roommate went out with him. She said afterwards that she really *thought* I was out for the evening.

Anyway, Bill asked me to the Navy Ball. Navy Ball is so far away. I'm afraid I might ruin the dress I saved for it at the Beta formal. I'm going to the Beta formal. I think it's going to be at a place called Ben's on West Campus. I always thought that formals were held off campus. Maybe that was

changed like everything else this year.

And the medical exam! Oh, *Cecily!* We put on lengthy white angel sheets that reminded me of the sacks mother cuts up to wash the dog with. I flapped into room C. A sweet young thing in an interne's white coat looked up and cooed, "I'll bet you'd look good in a formal. How about a date?"

I'm afraid the doctor who took our blood pressures was a bit unsuccessful—as far as accuracy, that is. You see, he had the *cutest* red hair! Ditto for the pink-cheeked nose, teeth, and throat explorer.

I heard that you were supposed to faint as part of the routine—feminine angle, you know. But I didn't. Not with so many beautiful white coats around to look at. Anyway, I also heard later that the College Men passed out by the droves. Which proves something. Doesn't it?

I had a *blind* date this afternoon. We went (on foot) to Cooleys, the Huddle, then to Scott Hall Grill, and pretty soon I asked him his name. Then he asked me how I liked Pi Eta Psi and I told him I was a Gamma Delta Iota. I asked him how he liked being pledged to D.U. and he told me he was a Delh. It was terribly confusing so we went back to Willard. So now I'm thinking about Bill and the D.U. that I *didn't* have a date with.

Love,

Marx

P.S. Say hello to Jack for me.

P.P.S. Classes are nice.





HASH...

or

WHAT'S LEFT OVER?



MARY ELLEN SAMS:

GLENN STOCK:

Good afternoon, Miss Sullivan.

Hiya pal . . . ya better step on it or you'll be late for hash!

I'm afraid you don't understand. I've had dinner. What

I want is information about how your sorority neophytes are selected. What is the order of procedure in choosing a new member?

A. We give them a quick once-over at the Pan-Hel tea.

Q. You mean you have a chance to meet the girls before formal rushing starts?

A. That's right. Then comes the real grind . . . the informals . . . and the ones that "go through" come back to the formals.

Q. How do you decide who "goes through"?

A. That's where Hash comes in. That's when we separate the smooth cookies from the twills.

Q. Cookies? Hash?

A. What I mean is that after every party we cross off the little women minus North Quad Appeal.

Q. I'm afraid I still don't understand.

A. Look — after the parties the girls meet, in various stages of undress, and discuss the rushees . . . get the picture? But say, why don't you come along with me and see a Hash session in action?

Q. All right, but first explain to me the meaning of the term "North Quad Appeal."

A. The gals with North Quad Appeal are the neat little numbers . . . they can be refreshing, or attractive, or smooth . . . they must be wonderful dressers and good conversationalists . . . and above all they must be "our type."

Q. Do I understand you to mean that all the girls must be beautiful to be pledged?

A. No . . . they can't all be queens. There are always a couple of legacies and some studs who can "pull up the house average." They can't be gruesome though, not repulsive if you see what I mean.

(Continued on page 37)

"Good day, Mr. Sullivan."

"Why hello, Chester, old boy! Come in and meet the brothers."

"Just a moment, Mr. Sullivan. Are you trying to convey the impression that you are not only a member of the under graduate body of this university but also a frat man?"

"Pardon me, Chester, but the correct term is *fraternity*."

"Oh, sorry. And now just for the record, would you mind giving me some of the cliches of rushing?"

"Why certainly, I'd be glad to tell you anything you want to know about the graft, the alums, the lettermen, or to show you our scrap-book."

"Thank you."

Q. Now what is the term usually applied to the party of the first part?

A. The brothers, the members, the fellows, or the boys. It's Brother Whozit or our boy Whatzit.

Q. In our last interview, I thought you referred to yourselves as "the Men."

A. Oh, that was on the South Campus.

Q. Have you any special term for the party of the second part?

A. If he's favorable, he might be a good boy, a smoothie, a fine lad, or right stuff, especially if he owns a car.

Q. And if he's unfavorable?

A. Then he's a spook, a goon, a zombie, a dry-ball, or a legacy.

Q. What procedure is used in pledging a desirable rushee?

A. First we make sure that he has met our lettermen and B.M.O.C.'s. Then we start showing him the house. We get him into some room, close the door, and the rushing chairman begins to put the pressure on him.

Q. What is that called?

A. A hot-box, steam bath, the business, or simply boxing.

Q. And if you are successful in persuading a rushee to accept your bid. . . ?

(Continued on page 38)

THE FIFTH COLUMN



WITH SABOTAGE and blitzkrieg, romance at Northwestern has progressed steadily during the summer and first few weeks back at school. The spyful, however, have uncovered a few mean plots to disrupt the blissful state of affairs.

- Jane Gilmore (XΩ) heads the list with an elopement with Hal Maloney, the faithful boy from home. Jane is mighty happy, but how about Dud Cutler (ΦΓΔ) who last year thought he was the beat of the Gilmore heart? Jane eloped Sunday and sent Dud's pin back the following Monday.

- The Sigma Chi house received a rocking blow, too. It seems that Harry Hamm and Ed Baker have both had their pins returned. The Alpha Chi Omegas are a bit mystified too. Bobbe Davis and Baker seemed so chummy.

- Wally Geidt (ΦΚΨ) unearthed another damper. The clever boy called up Jane Cline (AXΩ) and in a confident tone suggested a date. But she wiped the smile from his face with the soul-shaking news that she had taken a pin back home.

- B. J. Schumann's (AXΩ) summer romance with Frank Swirls (ΦΚΨ) is now a thing of the dim, dreary past. And so another Phi Psi bit the dust.

- Perhaps the most confusing pin return was that of Jane Mitchell (ΠΒΦ) who handed back the Delta Upsilon crest to Bob MacDonald after toting it around for two years. The brothers have taken over, though, with the bets on Holtzman to place. But Frank Peddie (ΣAE) may steal the race, as he's been dogging the Mitchell footsteps since "Tippy" Ross (ΔΔΔ) slapped a pin back on the Peddie vest.

- To restore your faith in "clear skies and full moon" illusion, here's something on the smoother side. Dick Klein (ΦΓΔ) and Peg Lewis (ΔΓ) are pinned now, and are looking forward to the third-finger-left stage any day.

- According to Lou Shaw it was a dark and stormy night when his Sig pin got away. Gwen Osgood (AXΩ) and Shaw are looking very starry however, so perhaps the clouds have cleared.

- Barb Barty (AΦ) the girl who kept a ΣAE pin, is having her qualms again. Jack Lauer is in New York. It's not going to be the same story over again, is it Barb?

- And as long as we're asking questions, is it going to make any difference to Fran Sesler (KKΓ) that Timmy Herrmann (ΦΔΘ) is on the downtown campus? The affair seems to be going great guns now, but if we know Tim and Fran, distant fields are greener.

- At this point, the Fifth Column is pleased to announce

the marriage of Peggy Saxby, Theta, and Milt Rusteen, Phi Gam. To complete the picture, we'll add the background of a Phi Gam spring formal, for which Peggy had a date with Corby Robertson, the invincible wolf, while Milt was with Marion Young (ΔΓ). Corby was quite interested in Marion, so a switch was arranged. Milt and Peg seemed to have benefited by the incident.

- Ed Smith (ΣAE) hung his pin on Dottie Iverson (ΓΦΒ) out at Schramm's one night, just for fun. Maybe Ed was a little surprised when Dottie gave it back . . . just for fun.

- The problem of Gordon Langlois (ΦΜΑ) rather remote love life has finally been solved. Gordon's heart belongs to the girl with the Syllabus legs.

- The Phi Psi house seems to hold great charms for Betty Baumann (KKΓ). She returned Chase Fannon's pin for Doug Cook's, one of the brothers.

- Note to the inquisitive: Is or isn't Ed Hess (ΣΧ) going to hang his pin on Betty Stone, Tri-Delt?

- Peggy Scott, Pi Phi, went to summer school at Colorado and came back with a fraternity pin. Probably another of those strong silent westerns lads.

- Lowell Snorf (ΦΔΘ) seems to have picked up where Gordy Fairman (ΦΔΘ) left off this summer with Pi Phi pledge Jean Toole. 'Nuff said.

- Here's a bit titled local boy makes good, or Marge Christophersen (KAΘ) comes back with Jack McDermott's ΣAE pin.

- Another wedding bells and orange blossoms . . . Fran Purtell (ΦΔΘ) and Jane Cooley (KAΘ) were married last spring.

- And now Jim Jackson (ΦΔΘ) tells us that he's "been put out of circulation in one fell swoop." Jean Baribeau (AΦ) is wearing his pin, and they both plan to exchange it for a ring someday soon.

- Pat Suhr (ΠΒΦ) took Gordy VanRiper's D. U. pin, and so ends the career of The Great Rat. Maybe. . .

- Bob Salvesen (ΦΓΔ) is deserting the books for Purdy Nelson, Theta pledge, these days. Watch it, Bob!

- So "Clarence" Lineberger is finally walking the aisle. And with Norma Amling, no less. Congrats and all that.

- P. S. Dick Peel, Phi Psi, is through with women.

P. P. S. (Final deadline) Dick Peel returned home last night with a D.G. pin.



Abra Cadavera

"If you can't pay your hospital bill, leave your trunk"

(An Educational Epic in Three Acts)

By

SAMS-SPENCER

*Locale: Cadaver College**

Characters:

JEFFREY MOUNTGOMERY—B.M.O.C., Tall, dark, and handsome, S.G.B., strong and silent, S.P.C.A. and keeper of the seal.

THE SEAL ————— Dark and shiny.

ALLYNE LYNNE ————— A beautiful intelligent, wholesome blonde. National 4-H Club President and recent acquirer of Jeffrey's S.P.C.A. pin.

S.P.C.A. PIN ————— Dark and shiny.

SQUIRE E. CAD ————— The ruthless son of "Our Noble Founder."

WANDA ————— The roommate.

PORKY JONES ————— Two tons of mirth and merriment.

PRESIDENT CARNAHAN ——— Venerable sage—sweet but seedy.

PROFESSOR OF ABYSSINIAN—Art Dark and shiny.

ASSORTED PROFESSORS, a bevy of genial students, a troop of wandering minstrels, a brace of pigeons, a mortgage and a hamper of goodies.

Acknowledgements:

Zircons by Tiffany
Legs by Geidt

*This time honored, ivy-covered institution was endowed August 17, 1939 around 4:30—by Squire Cad Sr. (deceased).

ACT I

SCENE I

Place: a wooded glade.

Time: Mid-afternoon.

Action:

The curtain rises on a picnic scene. A group of typical college girls are bustling about setting tables and making daisy chains. Up center Porky picks up the lyric to "Do Not Tamper with the Hamper" and the girls go into a quick tap chorus.

Chorus, singing—Do Not Tamper with the Hamper
Do Not Tamper with the Hamper
Do Not Tamper with the Hamper
Do Not Tamper with the Hamper
Do Not ———

The lights dim, the chorus stops short as Wanda enters, saying: . . .

WANDA—You can be gay? You can rejoice? When tragedy lies at our very door!

ALL—What's wrong! What's wrong!

WANDA (mounting a stump as they collapse in a group at her feet)—Fellow students of Cadavera, "Squire Cad is going to court."

ALL—Ooooh!

A VOICE—To contest the will?

WANDA (knitting two and purling one)
Yes—we shall lose all unless—

ALL—Unless?

WANDA—Unless we do our best to expose this mad fiend!

THE CROWD (aghast)—Egad, the Cad!
(Continued on page 46)



Registration



Frank
Sayles

1940



Captain Dick Richards, Quarterback



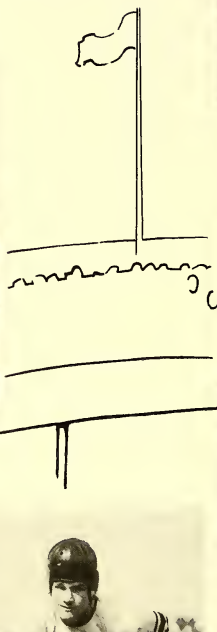
Nick Burke, Right Guard



Oliver Hahnstein, Left Half



Don Clawson, Fullback



Alf Bauman, Left Tackle



Floyd Chambers, Right Half



22



Joe Lokane, Left Guard



See Football Article on page 26

Photos by Evanston Photographic Service.

Layouts by Jim Bibby.



Corne Aarts, Right Tackle



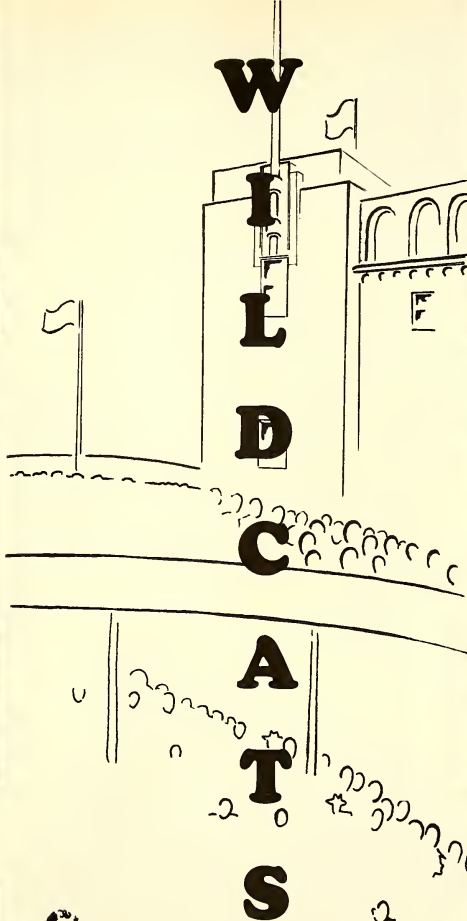
James Smith, Left End



Albert Botherus, Right End



Paul Soper, Fullback



Paul Hiemenz, Center



Bill DeCorrevont, Left Half



Don Kruger, Quarterback



George Benson, Fullback

Photos by Evanston Photographic Service.

Layouts by Jim Bixby.

AND SO THEY

SORORITY

Sorority pictures of pledge Belle Batjes at the Delta Gamma house.



"Will you come into my parlor . . ."



She signs the guest book . . .



Meets the house mother . . .



Dances at the formal . . .



Chats at the luncheon . . .



Looks over the scrap book . . .



Is discussed at hash . . .



And is caught in the spider's web.

WERE PLEDGED

FRATERNITY

Fraternity pictures of pledge Bob Wellington at the Phi Delta Theta house.



Come in and join our happy throng . . .



And meet our mother line . . .



We'll talk to you the evening through . . .



And after that we'll dine . . .



We'll sooth your thoughts with music sweet . . .



And put your trunk with mine . . .



Your in!!!

Photos and Layouts by Jim Bixby.

GREEKS SEEK GREEK



K. A. pledges 371 L. to R.: McCauley, Toddman, Wiley, Brahm, Campbell, Veith; stooping on floor: Irvin and Kohr, rushing chairmen.



Gamma Phi Beta Hash



Rushee Bill Ransone entering S. A. E. house.



Sigma Alpha Epsilon's pour it on.



Delta Zeta's serve rushees formally.



Alpha Chi Omega formal rushing party.



Entertainment at the Pi Beta Phi sorority.



Delta Delta Delta ship to shore luncheon.

Stevens of Evanston
★ The Shopping Center of
Fashion-wise Women



The Reversible, a campus can't-do-without coat, and at a very special price. It's corduroy and gabardine—the new shorter length with huge book size pockets. Marjorie Christophersen, Kappa Alpha Theta, shows it with a clever little gabardine bowler from the Hat Bar at \$1.95. The coat may be had in wood brown, wine, school-house red, or deep green corduroy with natural gabardine at **\$7.95**

EDGAR A. STEVENS, Inc.

1624 Orrington Ave., Evanston

★ ★ CATALOGUED ★ ★

By DEEDEE LAUGHEAD

TODAY I AM A JUNIOR—which means the time has come to take steps in the direction of a career. Not that I want a career. They say the very idea scares men away; as if plain old me didn't anyway. That's not the point at all, not at all. College is the thing; college as an educational institution, books, and study, and stuff.

All the important people connected with higher learning, except the college boards of MADAMOISELLE, VOGUE, and HARPER'S, are interested in higher learning—so am I. Yes, indeed. So I stop wasting Daddy's good money, and look at a catalogue. Catalogue says College of Liberal Arts. I fancy that's what I've been connected with these past two years—in a vague, social sort of way. No more social life. For a blind date, he of last night wasn't bad. Big ears, but a sweet smile—new pledge. I'm really getting too old for that sort of thing.

A life of solitude, study, and prayer. Religion! just the thing. I could major in church. Dull, but beautiful in the moonlight.

Night—stage crew for Speech B4. Strenuous physical exertion for the sake of a set. I need only ten less lbs. Diets more to the point. Acting would be fun, I might learn a new line. I on Broadway—if my hair were only long.

Page 105 of the Good Book says GENERAL, ROMANCE. That's more to the point. Who ever said N.U. wasn't progressive?

Progress!!! "Movements for Social Reconstruction" Sounds impressively advanced, but requires a B course in Sosh (as they say in the vernacular). That last word is tremendous, I might be a writer. Not such a fine idea. I'll never get a degree at this rate. I wouldn't need one, if I had a man. I could major in marriage. Suppose I flunked it? Only one course anyway—the Family C7.

Deering certainly doesn't look like the dear old tomb of

last year; more like the corner of State and Madison.

Line forms to the right. Millions of people patiently waiting to sign up for classes that they just can't wait to cut.

Confusion within, much confusion. I can't remember what I decided to major in. Look at card, left it home. On my way out knock down three Speech students and my last year's English prof.

"Hello, Mr. W. Nice day for registration and murder." Run into something hard. Egad! Papa Waldorf's left tackle. Must go home and get my card, can't get in with out it. Left Tackle says I can go through in back of him (he's cutting football practice to prepare for the Notre Dame game). Anyway, I lost my card along with my driver's license during rushing.

Left Tackle says he's going to take Greek Lit. What's good enough for L.T. is good enough for me, if we can find it.

There's chum in the Psych. A. line. She must have flunked it last year. Did I flunk it, too? Can't remember. It was either Psych. or Speech A2. My speaking voice doesn't feel trained. It must have been speech.

Say, Left Tackle, wouldn't you like to take Psych? I want to talk with chum. So I talk to chum, only we can't hear each other. Left Tackle growls. I guess he and I had better try something else. Yonder's a long line. Must be a good course.

English B7. No, L.T. wants Phys. Ed. D66. He can't read anyway. I talk him into B7; I'll tutor him at the Huddle everyday at 1:30. We can unpass exams together, too.

There's date-last-night looking confused. Must help him. 'Bye L.T. Date-last-night's card says English A. Oh, yes, snap course, I took it. Lots of lines for that, try one. He tries.

Sorority sisters all signing for a long term of Poly-Sci. Good, I think I'll have some. Ought to improve chapter meetings. Less knitting and more politics.

CONTEST CONTEST CONTEST



PRIZES PRIZES PRIZES

\$2.89

Hold your hats, boys, here we go again. Another Parrot whooperoo. Our Worst Story Contest. With a bargain price for the best Worst. The November theme is Homecoming. Whip up an eight-hundred (800) word bit, and submit to the Parrot offices in Scott Hall on or before October ten. (If we're out on time, this gives you seven days.) Get to work, kids. The Parrot calls. . . .



THE WAY TO MORE SMOKING PLEASURE

Today, more than ever, people are taking to Chesterfield because Chesterfield concentrates on the important things in smoking. You smoke Chesterfields and find them cool and pleasant. You light one after another, and they really taste better. You buy pack after pack, and find them definitely milder.

**For complete smoking satisfaction
you can't buy a better cigarette**

*Make your
next pack*

CHESTERFIELD

FORTY FOOTBALL FORECAST

TOM MCMAHAN

The Lowdown On The Team, The Competition and What Have You

Since the second week in September more than five teams of Wildcat huskies have been diligently preparing for the 1940 killer-diller schedule. Far different from last season, when Coach Waldorf's men were elected to the role of "team of the year," they will attack the eight game program with a good possibility of losing four of them. One thing is certain; that is the brand of football to be seen at Dyche stadium. Ohio State's Scott, Minnesota's Franck, and Notre Dame's Peipul will all be visitors. Pre-season selections mark them as the year's top-notch leather luggers.

Best reason for selling Northwestern short is their inexperienced line. Early season will present a difficult problem to the few veterans in the forward wall. Jimmy Smith and Al Buthurus, both light, will face large and rugged tackles. Their replacements, sophomores Bob Motl and Bud Hasse, will need actual game experience before the end positions are well fortified. Alf Bauman and Corne Aarts will be counted on to provide balance at the tackles. Corne is smart and experienced while Alf is large, fast, and mindful of the tricks yet to be learned. Leon Cook and Warren Karlstad are coming up fast as their replacements but still lack game play. Joe Lokanc and George Zorich have assured themselves of the guard berths. Joe saw appreciable action during 1939 but George comes from the ranks of the willing and able but untried. Behind them will be Bus Heagy and Nick Burke. John Haman left a sizable gap in the center of the line for Paul Hiemenz to fill. We're betting that he will prove a dependable pivot man. Gene Mundy has moved up as alternate center after a year's layoff. The line in general will be faster than last year. A few will be playing sixty minute games. Their success in beating the opponent across the scrimmage line may prove to be a deciding factor.

The long snit of the 1940 gridiron edition will be the backfield. With the addition of capable Wes Fry to the coaching staff and a host of returning lettermen, the backs stand many deep in each position. Captain Dick Richards, recovering after an early season injury, will be at quarter-back. Don Kruger, transformed from a halfback, will be sharing responsibilities at the post. Returning after a successful Sophomore season will be big Don Clawson. Nearly ten pounds heavier and speeded up under the tutelage of track coach Frank Hill, spectators can well expect a seasoned performance from the Kankakee fullback. Don will reinforce the line on defense with the center. His replacement will be another transformed halfback, Paul Soper. A steady ground-gainer last year, Paul will be a dangerous threat on quick opening plays through the line. Red Hahnenstein and the celebrated Bill De Correvont provide the Wildcats with a

formidable left half duo. Both are kicking, passing, and running well and will bear the brunt of the offense. At right half will be Ike Kepford, Floyd Chambers, and Irwin Madsen. The first two are hard-driving and dependable backs with Madsen to be used as a spot player. Under Coach Fry's influence the backfields are operating more smoothly than last year. The important factor of team work and ball-handling may provide the scoring punch that the Wildcats so sorely lacked against their opponents.

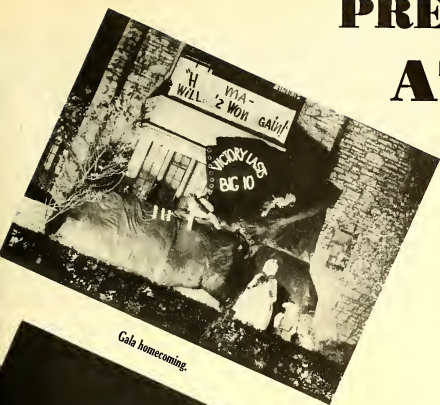
First try for the Waldorfmen will be "Pappy's" alumnus Syracuse. Chances are that they will not prove the boon that Oklahoma did in last year's disastrous opening contest. Syracuse is rebuilding a line hard hit by graduation. Their backs are not the equal of the Purple's. The Wildcats should win this one. Second opponent and first home game will be the toughest. Ohio State supposedly has the class of the Conference. Their last season's championship squad is practically intact and the Buckeyes can be expected to repeat the 1939 13-0 decision. Wisconsin comes to town Oct. 19. The Wildcats have the stuff to take the boys from Madison into camp.

Indiana is the highly-rated midseason opponent. Bo McMillan has been building for two years with only fair success. They will need more than Hal Hursh's passes and giant end Archie Harris to live up to expectations. The Purple get the nod in this fray. Homecoming will feature Bernie Bierman's always-dangerous Gophers. They will be out to avenge the 14-7 loss handed to them by Bill DeCorrevont's elusiveness at Minneapolis last fall. This should be anyone's ball game.

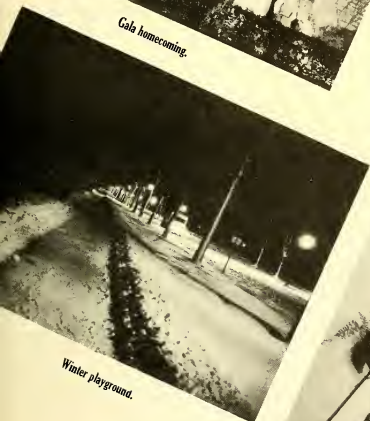
The Illini will need more Zupke tricks to turn the tide their way Nov. 9. If the Wildcats have any magic of their own they would be wise to save it for the week following when they run up against Harmon, Evashevski, and Company. The Ann Arbor gridders look like a good bet for the title this year. Giving justice to the Purple we still concede a Michigan victory.

With reference to the final game of the season, theirs is the story of the class of '40 that failed to see a Wildcat victory over Notre Dame during their four years of college. In the words of a Chicago sportswriter this will be a poor year to break precedent. The Irish are loaded with dynamite sufficient to blast any eleven to kingdom-come. One redeeming feature remains in the offing. A Northwestern victory over Notre Dame makes any season complete. There'll not be a single man in uniform on Nov. 23 that won't give two arms and a leg for victory.

PREVIEWS OF COMING ATTRACTIONS



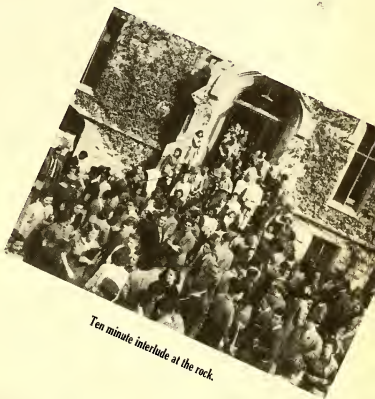
Gala homecoming.



Winter playground.



Navy Ball Queen and attendants.



Ten minute interlude at the rock.



"West Campus" activities.



Inter-Fraternity Ball.

Wildcats 7 - Gophers 6



Photos and Layouts by Jim Bixby.



Dean Heidbrink speaking to students at the inter-religion meeting that was held in the women's lounge of Scott Hall.



Students singing under the leadership of Rev. Robert Bulkley in the Scott Hall Lounge.



Section checkers at work during registration week at Deering Library.



Harry Boetcher, third from right, editor of the PARROT, making out his class cards at registration.



Did you fill out the cards correctly? These people seem to be enjoying the task of registration.



Clyde Kirchhoff selling "N" books during registration at Deering Library.



At the PURPLE PARROT concession—new student party.



In the game room of Scott Hall, badminton with ping pong paddles.



Avilon of the CHICAGO TRIBUNE making publicity photos of the Scott Hall grill.



Freshmen meet on the Willard Hall Terrace at the Fresh party.



Transfere's play shuffle-board at the recreation hall.



Upper-classmen dance at the Freshmen party. On the left, Ralph Lee, sports photographer for the PARROT dances with freshman Bette Battjes. On the right, Dick Grest cuts in.





*Jean Chubb, Pi Beta Phi,
goes Scottish in a plaid
tweed beret with a pig-
tail of yarn. #6 at Carson's*



*Jane Nelson, Wellesley, watches
the kick-off in Dobb's own
"Kick-Off" hat. Shown in the
college issues of Mademoiselle,
Vogue, and Harper's Bazaar*

Dick Niveth, Phi Delta, wears
 Don Richards full drape
 coat, featuring the new
 silk satin lapel, priced at
 \$10.00. The hat is the popular
 rosegrain opera at \$10.00
 The Hub



Mary Noble, Kappa Alpha Theta,
 wears a maroon-flecked tweed
 suit with a hat and purse to
 pick up the color. Hat at \$2.95,
 suit at \$16.95, and accessories
 at the Hub's Women's Shop



Shirley Kessler, Alpha Chi, never needs to worry about what to do with her hands when wearing an American Beauty red velveteen mitten dress from Milburns, \$14.95



Barbara Williams, Delta Gamma, shows off a haze brown wool dress with concealed zipper and nail-head belt (\$19.95). Her new pompadour hat matches perfectly (\$10.00). Martha Sleeper jewelry. All at Field's

An emerald green wool turban matches the lining of Gamma Phi Beta Viola Griswald's white fleece teddy-bear coat — both \$29.95 at Jervis's



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& COMPANY
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Ruby Green, CHI OMEGA (SEATED) IN OUR DELECTABLY WARM AND COZY TEDDY BEAR COAT WITH HOOD. IN BROWN WITH RED LINING, \$25. PLAID WOOL PLEATED SKIRT, \$6.95. CLASSIC WOOL SWEATER IN YELLOW, RED OR NAVY. \$3.50. ALL IN SIZES 12 TO 20.

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With A

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EXCHANGE DINNER

We meet the Iotas (lucky boys), and they meet us which proves nothing, but should turn out to be an exchange dinner. I don't know any Iotas, and the Iotas don't know me—happy thought. Tonight will be the beginning of a long and beautiful friendship, I hope. Our social chairman is working overtime getting dates for the formal.

Five forty-five. They'll be here in fifteen minutes and I don't look a bit casual.

Five fifty. I'm still uncasual.

Six. It's no use. They're here. From the stairs I can see a tall one. My near-sightedness again—he's a Sig.

Introductions. I'm doing well in a breathless sort of way. I wish I'd worn stockings and knew more about Homecoming. I'll have to read the Parrot more often, and at least give the appearance of being educated.

No sedans in the Iota house. I'd really rather walk than inflict my sharp bones on the man under me. Affectionate fellow. His name is Dave. The Iotas aren't bad at all.

The Iota house. Here I am boys, but I forgot my glasses. How'll I find Dave again. Possessive soul, I. Why don't they turn on more lights? On second thought, the shade is a good idea. My complexion isn't so obvious.

A short man. His name is Frank—how nice. Mine is Frances—how nice. Oh, how very nice! My neck is getting stiff from looking down on him. Shall I ask him for a cigarette, or will he think I'm a fiend. I am a fiend, so I'll ask him. Frank doesn't smoke.

I'm about six inches from the floor. Of course, no fraternity would have foresight enough to install a chair in which one could sit like a lady. Dave is back—I wonder why? Frank seemed happy to get away. Poor little man. I must have scared him with my cigarettes and legs.

Frankly, I'm hungry—so we talk campus politics. I always vote for my sorority sisters, and then for whom they tell me. So we get a lot of offices—sometimes.

Dave disappears, and people start going down to dinner. If I'm going to eat, I guess I'll have to do it alone. No one seems to care whether I starve or not.

Dinner. I take it all back about being hungry. I wish I'd stayed at the house. It's unusual that such healthy young men can survive on so little and such bad food.

The "Iota Dream Queen." Why must they always drag their best song? It sounds worse than "Violets" at Ma Schramm's. Why don't fraternities sing their songs like orchestra leaders play them. A little swing would help the "Dream Queen." She sounds sort of dead.

Dance? Shall I tell them I sprained my ankle, or that my mother is a Seventh Day Adventist and doesn't approve. Maybe I'd better confess that I have no sense of rhythm and my feet are too big.

Bridge? A wonderful suggestion, but I forgot to bring my glasses.

So I have to study. Yes indeed, B7 and gobs of abnormal.

Dave will take me home. Nice cool night. Sorry, old man. I guess men aren't so subtle.

The house. Home Sweet Home—as the old saying goes. He did say Friday night? I can wait.

The office is a mess. Here's the phone under some books—my books. I certainly help around here. The number of the "Hut?" What shall I order? A hamburger, coffee, apple pie—?

—Deedee Laughhead

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WOMEN'S SHOP Sherman and Church, EVANSTON

Tip To Toe

YOUR FASHION BOARD kept their feet on the ground and their heads on styles when selecting some characteristically smart outfits for N.U. co-eds to sport on campus this fall.

One outfit inspired by our shopping tours takes its stand with a beige camel's hair, man-tailored jacket in the new longer length. This year's "Junior jacket" with N.U. '42 on the breast pocket is just the thing. (found at Steven's) Backing it up is a ten-gored skirt of forest green wool worn with a matching Braemar slipover. Beige ankle socks and dark brown, water-proofed moccasins add the finishing Jo-college touch. (all at Carson's)

A brown skirt started us shopping for another "bang-up" outfit. It's an above-the-knee flannel job with three box pleats in front and two in back. (found at the Hub, Women's Shop) We tried a suede jerkin of the new red-pumpkin color with it and decided the two definitely belonged to each other. (found at Field's) Under the jerkin we put a long-sleeved white broadcloth shirt with a convertible neckline. (found at Milburn's) After adding brown high-boy socks with narrow red and white stripes and, yes, brown and white saddle shoes, our shopping tour ended for the time being.

Now come many pleasant surprises. The forest green sweater and skirt look wonderful with the red-pumpkin jerkin. Of course the white shirt is the kind you simply live in and enjoy every minute. We put it and the brown short skirt and Junior Jacket together and saw that the girl wearing that combination would get an "A" in anybody's Fashion course. Many other combinations are possible and much fun to arrange. Of all of them we hope to say, "found on campus."

* * *

THE PURPLE PARROT FASHION BOARD consists of seven well-qualified N.U. girls who are interested in fashions to the extent that they intend making careers in that field. At regular meetings they discuss what is worn at N.U. and what is being shown in the shops around town. They pass on to you, not only words about college classics, but also the last word in campus comers. **PEGGY LOU GREST**, ΔΓ senior in liberal arts, is chairman of the Board and interested in the buying end of fashions.

NORMA JORDAN, ΠΒΦ junior, has worked as college advisor in the Charles A. Steven's College Shop.

JEAN KRAUSE, ΑΧΩ junior, was on the College Board of B. Forman Co. in Rochester, N. Y., this summer. Busy with styles even in high school, Jean edited the fashion column of her school paper.

FLORENCE MAGNUSON, ΑΟΠΠ junior, also started working toward a fashion career while in high school. Last year she was with the advertising department of Joseph's.

RITA JUNE WILLIAMS, a junior Independent, directs a weekly fashion program called "Campus Clothes."

JEAN CHUBB, ΠΒΦ senior, is Women's editor of the Daily. She was with Carson's College shop last summer.

MARIJANE HURJA, ΓΦΒ junior, tried her fashion talents at a college shop in Oak Park.



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DEMETRE'S

THE MORNING AFTER



ITS west campus again for the oldsters and Chicago for the neophytes. Upperclassmen are renewing acquaintances in the Niles Center circles, and the freshmen new to the city are hitting the hotel spots.

Duke Ellington's packing them in at the Panther Room in the Sherman. The south quad deadline cuts off some of the more advanced jive, as Duke and the boys start blasting it high about one o'clock. However, the whole dance-time program is good, and the crowd composed mostly of the veddy collegiates.

The fall reviews have not yet been issued, and at the time of this writing, we can't guarantee who'll be where. But for a dignified evening of impressing the date with your deeper qualities and ladylike—or gentlemanly—tendencies, we suggest the Empire Room in the Palmer House. That old favorite, the Drake's Gold Coast, will probably be closed, so check up before barging over. It seems that the management has decided to break it up into what is rumored will be several cocktail lounges.

Andrew's English Pub on Rush street still bulges at the doors. Old-timers there will notice a slight change in favor of co-education, but the Parrot's shy, so find out for yourself.

Swinging out west for a bit, we find the Little Club and Schramm's still lead the list. The first, with low lights and an intimate dance-floor, is good for any kind of an evening. Schramm's, officially titled Sharp Corner Inn, also catches all trade. Ma, Pa, the Parrot, and the daughters are still there, and their afternoon trade received a boost in the pre-registration days, so drop out any time.

Ben's Cocktail Lounge, the spot that jumped up in popularity so last year, is the same as ever, low lights, tropical gold-fish, and a batch of Betas. Someone reported seeing a few strangers

about, but needless to say, they left shortly after the Northwestern contingent arrived—the place is ours again.

Conversation at two discloses a strong tendency towards Bit and Bridl and El Gaucho. The B. and B. is an atmospheric little spot and as far as we know still boasts checkered table-cloths and candlelight. The El G. is the club with the organ music, swing and the old favorites. It's amazing what can be done with a dash of determination . . . you can even get your pet numbers played.

Shifting the scene to Howard street and vicinity, the Silhouette Club looms forth. M.C.s, singing girls, and little games provide amusement. And then there's always dancing.

For the bowling set, which, incidentally, has grown by leaps and bounds this year, there is Bowling Moderne, with 32 soundproof alleys and a tap-room. . .

If you develop gregarious tendencies and want to be mashed in with dozens of other people with gregarious tendencies, try The Ship. It's crowded.

Out Church street way, there's the 3500 Club, scene of former rallies and radical discussions. Not exactly a philosopher's paradise—still, a spot.

On those fall afternoon bicycle rides that have to end somewhere, try Artie's. Or maybe you're one of the group that say Arnie's. It's the White Horse Tavern, and a nice round trip from here. West out Dempster.

We're feeling a bit washed out this morning. Much too much research done last night. Pardon, fellas, but if we write more our returning vindictive mood will creep into copy. Stop while we're cheery.

☆



- Q. What is the objection they have to the girl who is under discussion now.
- A. They say she's nil, sort of blah. Just another girl with not too much on the ball. The kind who doesn't impress you much one way or the other.
- Q. What will happen to her?
- A. She'll be crossed off . . . thrown out . . . blackballed.
- Q. They seem to like this next girl.
- A. She's really all right. She goes with the "best crowd" and comes from a "wonderful North Shore family" she was "very popular in high school" and "Her brother is a Delta Omega."
- Q. Then will she join the group?
- A. As far as we're concerned she's in . . . but we'll really have to work . . . the Omega Alpha's have been "rushing her off her feet."
- Q. Why is everyone muttering as they mention this name?
- A. She's a legacy. We don't want her because she's a twit. A goon of the first water. But she'll go through because the alums are putting the pressure on.
- Q. You seem to have the girls pretty well classed. What other ways of classifying personality do you have?
- A. We have the "She'd be happier in some other house" type; of the "She's just another girl, period" type; or the "Good girl . . . but" type, and rarest of all the "She's perfectly darling, I'm just crazy about her" type. If we could get enough of those kind to fill our quota and beat out the Rhos we could really "come up on campus."
- Q. Exactly what do you mean by coming up on campus?
- A. Oh, a pledge class that dates in the "big houses," a few real activity girls that will develop into B.W.O.C.'s but ones that get around too . . . that's all we ask.
- Q. How can you tell when you have a girl of this type?
- A. Well, in the first place she comes to the parties in a convertible, she is casual but smooth, she has a line of chatter and a date waiting for her at ten o'clock. You have to be careful though; you may get the "Just a pretty face but is there anything behind it . . . is she really deep?"
- Q. Well, thank you very much Mrs. Sullivan, and I wish you the very best of luck.
- A. That's white of you, and I'm sure we'll "come out on top." They say our house are "good rushers" and then, too, the Alpha Alpha Alphas always "come through." We'll get the "best pledge class on campus." Every sorority does.

**A BOX OF LIFE
SAVERS FOR
THE BEST
WISECRACK!**

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted each month, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver Flavors. Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication.



Bad breath made Cora at each Ball
A hapless flower (species: wall),
But she tried Pep-O-Mints, and, sir!,
Men stand in line to dance with her.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

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C O - O P

IN THE ORRINGTON BLDG.
GRE. 2600

HASH—Men

Continued from page 14

A. Then we pin him, plant the button, or sew him up. But of course not until Sunday evening.

Q. Well, will you tell me what you tell the rushee or do to him in the room—hot box to make him accept the button?

A. With pleas—ah, certainly of course. It goes something like this; Ches, come over here a minute. We want to talk to you. Now listen you're interested in joining a fraternity, aren't you? Yes, of course, and you want to get in with an outfit that has a lot of prominence, both on campus and nationally. Now how can you go wrong if you pledge our fraternity. You met our publication editors and our athletes—and don't think that they don't run the U. either. And incidentally, our boys got more dates with more women in the South Quads last year than any other house, and hung more pins, too, Ha, Ha. Now don't worry about expenses either. If our dues cut into your allowance too much, we'll let it ride for awhile. Our national or-

ganization is strong and doesn't worry about a few dollars. Oh yes. And speaking of our alums, all you have to do when you get out of school is go to see any of the boys already set up in business and they'll fix you up with a soft chair. Yes sir, we certainly have got a top-notch bunch all around.

Q. What do I have to do to get in?

A. Well, just by coincidence, I happen to have a pledge button here. Let me put it on your lapel.

A. Thank you.

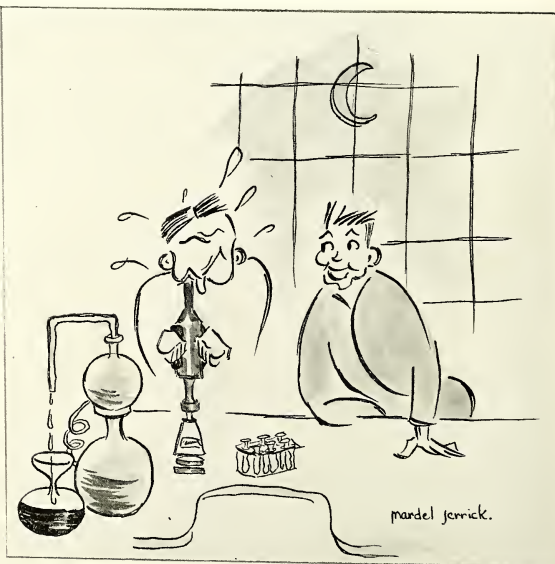
You're welcome, and congratulations. I'll have some of the boys drop over to the house and get your trunk.

Ardent: "I love you as no one ever loved before."

Speedy: "Don't kid yourself, big boy. I can't see any difference."

"That waiter smiled when you addressed him in perfect French."

"No wonder, we got our diplomas in the same mail."



mandel jerrick.

"I just love the idea of there being an unknown."

Tail Feathers

Her (in parked car): "If you do I'll scream."

Him: "If I do what?"

Her: "For heaven's sake! Weren't you going to do something?"

★

Worried: "Between you and me, what do you think of my new girl?"

Flip: "Between you and me, not so good. But alone—oh, boy!"

★

Mother: "Be quiet, dear, the sand-man's coming."

Babe: "Okay, mom, for a buck I won't tell pop."

★

Beauty: "What is it when two people think of the same thing—telepathy?"

Beast: "Sometimes. But mostly it's just plain embarrassment."

★

He: "But you said I was only a pebble in your life."

She: "Well, why don't you get a little boulder?"

★

"Baby, you better stop stepping out with that gangster. He's dynamite."

"Oh, yeah, well, I'm his match!"

★

"Know anything about Latin syntax?"

"Don't tell me they have to pay for their fun, too."

★

He: "Do you dance?"

She: "I love to."

He: "Fine. That beats dancing any time."

★

"Did he tell you last night how much he loved you?"

"No. But he went through all the motions."

"Do you pet?"

"That's my business."

"At last. A professional!"

★

Autoist: "We're nearing the tunnel. You're not afraid, honey."

Sweetie: "Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."

She: "They say she's adopted a new motto."

Friend: "Yeh. Love, Honor and Oh, Pay!"

★

"Can you tell me one of the uses of cowhide?"

"Sure. It keeps the cow together."

★

"How's your new girl?"

"Not very good."

"Boy. You always were lucky."



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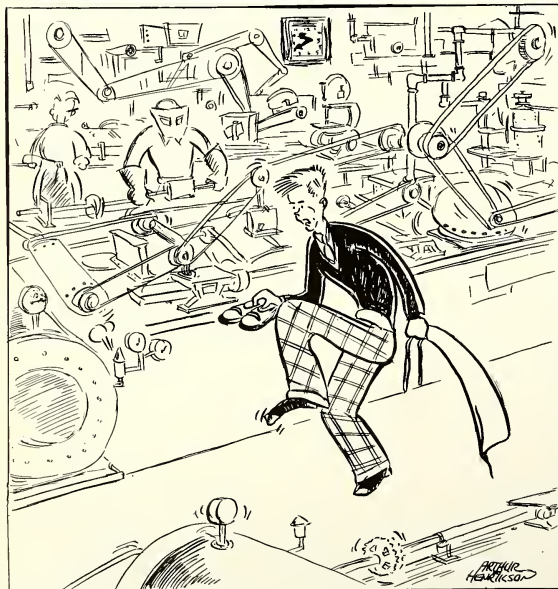
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ARRID



POLITICS...

by the Winners

With the college year barely under way, politics have already swung into high gear. The Interfraternity Council elections, one of the most difficult to control, presented an amazing contrast to last year's no coalition campaign with every house aligned on one of two sides. The stronger coalition, directed by the Big Four (Boulton, McIntyre, Setterdahl, and Snell) working in perfect harmony and, overcoming an early reversal, successfully swept the election. The margin of victory was so slim, however, that even these four confident and astute politicians were badly shaken when all came to light. At any rate, here it is, the whole mess, as your political reporter knows it.

It seems that Phil Murphy, laboring under the misapprehension that he should be a politician, Chuck Cleveland, ambitious for Star & Crescent, Ernie Wieder, just playing it cagey, and Russ Kohr set out to control the IFC through a coalition of the smaller houses. Working with utmost secrecy, commendable cleverness, and a plan complete in every detail so far as it went, they came within one glancing of the well-known amber fluid of dealing the Big Four a mortal blow. The intended victims, in blissfully stupid blindness, were completely unaware of the plot to relegate them to defeated oblivion. Pure luck and a certain individual, who was a recent addition to the Council, kept them from being completely surprised, for, this certain individual having had his tongue slightly loosened on the Saturday before elections, spilled the whole plot to a Sigma Chi. Like a match held to the fuse of a stick of dynamite, this touched off the "power politic."

Despite the fact that a split in the Big Four was imminent due to a misunderstanding, a plan, as complicated, yet as complete as the imagination could picture, was evolved. Then the Big Four went to work. Some people, like boll-weavils, have a way of getting within the confines of forbidden places.

The set-up as the Little-Four group had planned it was that Murphy would head the slate with Kohr as the secretary. Their first strategic move was for Geiss to nominate Boulton, hoping to split the opposition. The move failed.

(Continued on page 45)

AND POLITICS...

by the Losers

Politics, which apparently came into the IFC unforwarned with the resignation of Lee Meyer, has had roots planted last Spring by Ken Setterdal. During the summer the Phi Delt white hope exercised his reason and typewriter and apparently lined up a railroad election for this fall. The biggest question seems

cold—and the eleven “antis” formulated plans to uphold the democratic ideals of the IFC, apparently ignored by the Four logg-rollers.

But—as all idealistic organizations find out—ideals were not sufficient, and the word of a fraternity isn’t worth a darn when a better offer comes along.



“Gee, Murph, sorry it was you we had to beat.”

to be: was he in on this ‘resignation’ since last Spring’s election?

With a solid majority backing him, Setterdal sat down chalking off the days until “M-day” without a worry in the world except “what positions can I invent for my cohorts.”

Quite logically, an anti-coalition group grew up among the houses in the

Russ Kohr, PiKA, figured to play both sides at once and with the honorable Lee Meyer sold out. Russ Kohr bargained for IF secretary plus a Senior Commission job for Judas Jones, house pres. Lee Meyer, relying on his good name in the past, kept the Eleven “antis” in line—but meanwhile he put his ear to the

(Continued on page 42)

DOWN WENT McGINTY—
but he's out of the dog house now!

“SURE AND IT’S good riddance to an ugly-smellin’ pipe!” snapped Mrs. McGinty, dropping the pipe into the water. Quick as an Irish temper, down went McGinty after it!

“NICE WORK, MISTER!” said a young lad on the dock. “But you better smoke a mildertobacco to stay out of the ‘dog house’. Try the world’s best-smelling blend of burleys!”

New!
Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

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"FIX IT YOURSELF".....
a hairdress designed especially for you! Needs only a careful shaping and our Imperial end permanent to give your hair that long, soft, naturally-curly look. The price will fit your budget.

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EVANSTON

POLITICS (losers)

(Continued from page 41)

Big Four promises, and changed his colors.

The Eleven-Minus-Two went blissfully to the Phi Kap clambake on Election Day, unaware of sabotage. Lee Meyer piously glanced at both sides and opened the meeting. Then all parliamentary procedure went by the boards as the railroad got up steam.

One, nomination for Ken Setterdal; second, Phil Murphy; third, Al Boulton; Fourth, end-man Schlossman popped up to close nominations—and Engineer Meyer banged the gavel. The three sheep retired and the boys went through the motions. Lee Meyer, who really didn't have to bother, counted the ballots and—surprise—Setterdal hit the jackpot with twelve votes while Murphy netted nine, and Boulton none.

The Eleven (holding tight) properly voted on schedule for Russ Kur, who slid in 11-10 over Schlossman. The I. F. Ball co-chairmen were elected on the remnants of both coalitions.

The PiKa's now stand on North Campus isolation—shunned by the Big Four;

and ostracized by the Nine Loyalists. The Acacias had hoped to swing Heinaman into the vice-president's job (conveniently presented to the Council by the aforesaid Mr. Meyer).

The Nine Loyalists managed to pick up a few stray votes to keep the Big Four Railroad from making its complete schedule.

Early exhibiting his great executive ability, Mr. Setterdal found Himself completely outmaneuvered by a little parliamentary law. When He attempted to ram the vice-president's position down the throats of His Majesty's Opposition, one of them moved to table the motion. Mr. Setterdal was flustered and ruled the motion out only to be reminded such motions have prior rights.

He then called for a vote on the tabling motion, and announced that it had been lost. The Loyalists called for a vote by houses, and sure enough, Mr. Setterdal found His hearing had been very, very bad when he announced the first results. The vice-president's job was lost, temporarily, as a political crumb which the Big Four-Flushers could hand out.

After the Election stink had cleared from the sacred grounds of the Phi Kap house, the following results seemed to have materialized. Mr. Setterdal was president (on schedule) and the I. F. Ball co-chairmen Mellick and Pfister were safely in office.

But Schlossman, Delt boss, was suffering from a case of cold-shoulder. Dragged in by his heels to back Setterdal on the basis of his Delt-brother Snell Schlossman was definitely double-d. A split in the Big Four seems highly possible unless Snell can oust Schlossman as Delt president.

Laurie Larson seems in line for some of the gravy for his job as ward-heeler and visiting fireman. The Phi Gams and Alpha Deltas seem unstable members of the coalition, with the Sig Nus definitely in.

The big-question mark seems to be Al Boulton, who secretly still holds ambitions to wield the gavel of the I. F. Undoubtedly he is in line for the post at the Winter election.

The Nine Loyalists will probably cool their heels on the outside, waiting for the Winter election also. Until then, the Big Four will probably seek to hold their regular meetings at the Phi Kap house—planning what they want passed at the "regular" meeting.

Fem Sem

(Continued from page 10)

But as unique as this scene might have been, their first graduations were even more so. People from the surrounding territory thronged into Evanston on that day and threw bouquets on the make-shift stage during the services. All the girls took part because the classes were so small and at each of these commencements, Professor Jones wept openly as he delivered the baccalaureate.

And those were the days that we con-jured with when we saw a couple of our girls getting ready for another Rush Week. We saw the change from The Northwestern Female College to the Evanston College (Willard Hall) to the Northwestern co-ed of today. But the change is not too great; the same eagerness for knowledge, the same polished and gentle manner, and (quote Frances Willard) . . . "of mutual respect, generous admiration, and helpful good will between the brothers and sisters of the human household," our girls have the most.

Tail Feathers

"There now," said the editor as a bullet came crashing through the window into the inkstand. "I knew our new political article would be a success."

★

There came a man into the editor's room with a large roll of manuscript under his arm and said very politely, "I have a trifle here about the beautiful sunset yesterday, which I would like inserted if you have room." "Plenty of room, just insert it yourself," replied the editor, gently pushing the waste-paper basket towards him.

★

Woman is a delusion; it is astonishing how fond fraternity men are of hugging a delusion.

★

The frosh who
Kissed the active's
Girl, because
It seemed she
Wished it
Lisped, as the
Monday night
Drew near,
I was an * it.



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"I thought you said 'party.'"

Once upon the times they was a group of mens who is mostly dead now what built a bunch of buildings along side of a big bunch of water. They didn't knows which to do with them sooo they decides to learn peoples things in them. It was a much rainy day and the winds was blowing heap plenty in a north westerly direction. Because of this they called them shacks Northwesterns Universities. For a while only men they teachted there. Then all of a sudden like the mens they got lonely so they started teaching womens there, which was nice. How nice, we'll never know. This went on for much time and as things were still going northwesterly, people gots the wind of it.

Finally, at last it was only four hundred and sixty year before Buck Rogers was to wake up and do things and peoples were still going to this university place. For four years they would go around to dances and parties—and places and filling out the blanks on cards. Then in appreciations the Chamber of Commerce in Evanston would give them a little bit of a diploma. They would go then and gets them a job like they would have gots when they lefts skyscraper school only sometimes they gots no jobs unless they was Democrats or looked good with their hair much mussed. It was sad. How sad, we'll never know. But that weren't the story we is telling you.

Now we is getting on to how this

The Idyll of the Daily

school it has a paper what it puts out every day excepts Sunday, Saturday and Monday. There is many peoples which work on this paper. How many, we'll never know. Many people also takes this paper every day—excepts Monday, Saturday and Sunday. Over 14,000 mens and womens takes this paper. Cause they got too. The Kelly-Nash machine, it makes them. They walks in in these mornings and they pick ups them papers. They looks through them for their names and free food. They throws them on the floor. The staff which puts out these here papers looks them up and down. They looks at the head masts for their names. They throws them away. The janitors sees them. They pick them up. They doesn't read them. They throws them away again—only neater. It's a vicious circle. How vicious? Plenty damn vicious.

About these persons what puts out this sheet. One is the big boss. He is Tob Bathburn and he is soo, soo smart. He also dates. Then comes the littler boss, Bane Tline. She is smart too. She dates no more—she has a pin. Then comes the boss of another department

which fights for lost causes and bigger and better budgets like Congress does done. His name done be Frustin Tanne. He also is smart to. He also has baggy pants.

The room where they premeditate this paper is full of typewriters. Everyone sits around and says who is to write what and which is to be printed by whom and who has what cigarettes. After awhile they write something on a typewriter until they get tired. Then if everyone is very very good they argue about how to spell Tschakowsky's name. What difference do it make? Tschakowsky dead nohow. But they is particular. How particular even they don't know. They have night editors who works in the day time, and reporters who is very much dumb. So dumb they just got here. They is lots of people in between but they doesn't count. They is just for details. Mere statistics.

After you works for them a year they throws you a picnic. Only it always rains. They do nothing about this rain. They just give it free reign. It is plenty wet. Too wet.

It is a great paper. Only a little worse than Terry Daily Blast. They luv the Universities. Universities, he luvethem. They is almost as enthusiasics as this. Almost. I knows. They let me works for them cause on account of I spells so wonderful.

—Rosanne Smith



Collegians Prefer

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POLITICS (winners)

(Continued from page 40)

and all doubt as to the Big Four's solidarity was removed, for Setterdahl emerged the new president, Murphy ran a close second, and Boulton received no votes at all.

The line-up for secretaryship was rather hastily thrown together, and due to last minute instructions which worked out rather neatly, Kohr became pen-wielder over Schlossman by the one vote necessary. The arrangement here however, made it seem as though a complete sell-out was in the wind, for, as it worked out, the candidates seemed to be on the same side by this time, and Kohr was actually elected by the support of the small houses, the Big Four throwing just enough votes his way to put him in.

Panic struck home and the boys in Little Four decided to try thinking for themselves in the election for IF Ball Co-chairmen. Here again they aided and abetted, rather than hindered, the Big Four. Votes from the neophyte politicians were well split so that by an easy margin Pfister and Mellick will sign contracts this year instead of Cleveland and Scrivner as they themselves had planned.

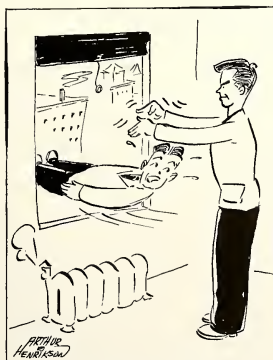
Each of the Little Four-group had gone into the deal so that *if* their plans worked, and *if* they all stuck together, there would be jobs passed out all around by the end of three semesters *if* they didn't hit snags in the meantime. The *ifs* were evidently not enough bait

for some of the houses in the group, for they bolted at 5:00 PM the day of the meeting, taking their chances with the not-so-many-*ifs* side. The fact that these latter houses didn't necessarily receive something at present doesn't mean that other irons are not being warmed. At the same time, even the Big Four knows better than to plan three semesters in advance.

Just what will happen in the fall elections remains to be seen. What could happen? Well, it looks as though the Phi Psi's, Lambda Chi's, S A E's, Phi Mu Delta's and a few more of the Little Four will be trading votes for class commissions. For instance, how many first place votes from Phi Psi seniors will go to put Conroy on the commission? Where will Theta Xi end up if Langhins doesn't listen to reason? (Incidentally, who's boss there, Dick L., or Art Rinne?)

The Big Four will be in action again, but it looks to us like an impractically complicated set-up may impair a repetition of last year's successes. At any rate, we are looking forward to the toughest political year in NU's history, for now the Big Four has dangerously real and cleverly subtle competition.

All in all, wouldn't Frankel have loved this political turmoil in his "crusade" against coalitions? What will the Daily's position be this year? Will they continue to stray into the clouds of fictions and impractical political idealism, or will they face the vivid reality?



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Abra Cadavera =

(Continued from page 16)

(Enter a Ghast followed by a group of swirling black figures).

THE GHAST—"I am a Ghast of Christmas past" (The Ghast exits followed by a group of swirling black figures).

End of Act I

★

ACT II

Place—in front of Cadaver Hall.

Time—The morning of the day before the Championship game.

Action—As the curtain parts Vaughn de Sire, recently elected 1940 Itch Girl, (who has not been introduced until now because she always starts from scratch) and Porky enter in a neat shuffle off to Buffalo. Both wear Cadaver blazers and satin shorts and are swinging books.

PORKY—Gosh all hemlock, we like Greek.

VAUGHN—Ach Du lieber Augusteeck! They break into a quick Astaire-Rogers

routine which is broken up by the students emerging noisily from the Swingology class (which courses are the only collegiate studies M.G.M. has acknowledged to date in its campus epics). The students break into small groups with an eye to the color scheme and begin discussing the imminent closing of the massive Cadaver gates (gates by courtesy of Jerry Colona) by Squire Cad that *very* afternoon. A hush falls over the anxious group as Jeffery appears at the Cadaver Hall door wearing light brown hair, shoulder pads, and an idea.

JEFFERY (snapping his bubble gum)—Don't worry, fellas; I've got it all doped out, (exit).

(This cheerful statement brings new life to the harassed students. Fifty blondes with neon violins enter playing a medley of "Cadaver lips are smiling," "We're Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" and "Ick Blick Blues." All students join in on the last chorus.)

CURTAIN

★

SCENE II

Place: An arbor.

Time: A few minutes later.

ALLYNE—Jeff, darling, tell me what are you planning?

JEFFERY—.

ALLYNE (significantly)—Jeffery, I think you're being evasive.

JEFFERY (with his heart in his eyes)—My dear, I cannot bring myself to tell you. No, no, I must not. I shall not. I will not. No. We're in the arbor now.

A male chorus of 100 voices emerges from behind a stump singing a choral arrangement of "We're in the Arbor Now, We're Not Behind the Plow." They shoulder rose-bushes and march out left.

★

SCENE III

Place: Same.

Time: Same.

(Enter President Carnahan and the seal)

PRES. CARNAHAN—Listen to the boid in the tree.

SEAL—That ain't no boid, that's a bird.

PRES. CARNAHAN—Well, it choips like a boid.

CURTAIN

Start
Planning
Now!

WILLIE GOES POLITICAL!



HOMECOMING — DAD'S DAY
NOVEMBER 1-2

ACT III

SCENE I

Time: 12:00 midnite.

Place: Cadaver Experimental Hospital.

Action: The only light on the stage is the hanging light above the operating table. Although his face is covered, we can recognize the manly form of Jeffery Montgomery, Star Scout, Troup 41. As the Dr. poises the knife above his quivering torso, we realize what Jeffery's daring plan is. He is selling his corpse for Cadaver. Vive Vivesection! Just as the shining blade reaches flesh, the door bursts open and in comes—

ALLYNE—Stop!

DR. MORGAN—What is the meaning of this intrusion?

(Eight other doctors appear in the background and chant, "what is the meaning of this intrusion, Can't you see it's causing confusion?" waving their scalpels in unison.)

ALLYNE (falling on her knees in front of Dr. Morgan)—But you can't do this to Jeffery—he's our star quarterback!

(Offstage voice of bands, crowds, pen-nants, and chrysanthemums). "He can't do this foolish thing—even if we lose our beloved Cadaver."

Dr. Morgan and the Doctors exit singing 6 lessons from Madame L. Zonga—the lights come up and what has looked like a dimly lit hospital room turns out to be a Spanish Street scene. The remainder of the scene is a gay whirling extravaganza with burros, castanets, roses in teeth, etc.

★

SCENE II

Place: In front of Cadaver Hall.

Time: Early next morning.

ALLYNE—Darling, I couldn't let you do it.

JEFFERY—Have you seen the morning papers. We've taken every headline with our shameful story. No one would come to our game even if the school were not going to close at noon.

Enter S. Cad, laughing fiendishly and carrying the key to the gates. He is followed by a male quartet singing in 4 part harmony. "Our School's in ruins, It's all your Doin's." Just as the grating of the key is heard on the lock, Porky

enters, dashes across stage, and re-enters dragging with him the Squire.

PORKY—Here, Sir, is your money!

STUDENTS—Hooray!

JEFFERY (to Porky)—Where in thunder did you get all that money, pardner?

PORKY—Your publicity of last P.M., old bean, shot up advance receipts so far that we can pay off the cad and have some to spare.

STUDENTS (repeating themselves)—Hooray!

★

FINALE

Time: After the game.

Place: Outside Appendix Stadium. Appendix is bursting.

Action: The main characters enter carrying the victorious Cadaver football team on their shoulders. They jump down and sing a medley of Big 10 songs with mandolin accompaniment. At one side we see Vaughn De Lire and Porky going through a small act with songs and lively pates.

VAUGHN—Say, Porky, I was setting up so high the game was only a rumor.

PORKY—Yeah! Well when I asked the guy next to me how he liked the game he answered, "Game, Hell, I'm flying the mail to Pittsburgh."

They exit via handsprings. The remainder of the crowd form in 4 lines swaying in alternate directions and singing "Cadaver Courageous." Squire Cad, the Abyssinian Art Professor and the seal have a specialty soft shoe number and as the chorus behind them works into an alarming crescendo, the curtain falls.



That naughty, naughty E., B.!

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Boys Will Be Girls Department

Meeting Plans

Mozart P. T. A. officers, directors and chair-men have been recently named for the ensuing year.

New officers are: Mrs. George Piehl, president; Mrs. Robert Nelson, first vice president; Mrs. Elizabeth Wild, second vice president; Mrs. William Guse, treasurer; Mrs. Victor Quigley, recording secretary; Mrs. Anton Lakness, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Charles Berndt, historian.

Mesdames Norman Anderson, Robert Nelson, Donald Watson, and Edmund Harper have been chosen as directors.

ON CONSCRIPTION

BOB RATHBURN, *Editor of the Daily Northwestern*: Put over on America in the wave of war hysteria now sweeping the country, peace-time conscription is a surrender of democratic ideals of peace and individual peace in favor of the adoption of a totalitarian method of fighting fascism. Thus, in fighting the thing we fear we go so far as to become the thing we fear. America has been sold short on national defense to the extent of inaugurating its first peace-time conscription, all in the face of contrary advice of military experts and in view of the fact that the army was over-filling its voluntary enlistment quotas. Conscription was and is unnecessary, and its present legal form constitutes a dangerous threat to the continuance of American democracy.

AUSTIN RANNEY, *Editorial Chairman of the Daily Northwestern*: Quite simply, I am opposed to peacetime conscription for these reasons: (1) It is not necessary now. England's chances of winning get better with every hour the blitzkrieg stalls. But even if Hitler wins, he will be far too busy feeding and ruling all of a starving and rebellious Europe to think about attacking the Americas for many years to come. (2) In itself, conscription is a great victory for Hitler's ideas. When American young men's lives are no longer their own to live but rather become the property of the state to do with as it sees fit, then surely we ourselves have accepted a fundamental part of Hitlerism for our own way of government. And I must believe that we can defend ourselves from Hitler without becoming exactly like Hitler.

JANE CLINE, *News Editor of the Daily Northwestern*: I think one year of military discipline would improve most young men. It is, of course, unfortunate that men with established businesses and professions may be called upon to leave them for a year, but this is an adjustment period and many of the difficulties will be ironed out in actual practice. I should like to ask two questions. Why should military training inevitably lead to war? If the time should come when you do have to face the wrong end of an enemy gun, don't you think that the year's military training might come in handy?

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS, *Ph.D., Professor of Anthropology*: I believe that today's situation is sufficiently grave so that we need an army of increased manpower and it seems to me that the best way to get this larger army and to equip it properly, too, is to draft both human and industrial resources. However, no discrimination should be used in taking men out of private life. Similar to the French and Swiss systems, no favoritism should be shown. The men must be taken from all ranks and stations in life. College men should be taken, too. The only exception valid in their case would be an allowance to finish out the year of work they might be registered for.

JOSEPH P. HARRIS, *Ph.D., Chairman of Political Science Department, Member of Pres. Snyder's Advisory Committee on Selective Service*: In modern war there is no business other than winning the war. All other business is subordinated to this single end. This country is not at war, but few intelligent people believe that we can long remain at peace. The most important business facing the country is therefore that of preparing for our defense. We cannot be defended by airplanes, tanks, and battleships alone. Adequate defense requires a well rounded military service, equipped and skillful in the use of the most modern implements of war. Our armed forces must be greatly expanded and improved in personnel if we are to be ready for what the next few years may bring forth. The only fair and just and effective way to build up an adequate, trained army is through a system of compulsory selective service.

PROFESSOR KENNETH COLEGROVE, *Ph.D., Professor of Political Science*: The Selective Training and Service Act of 1940 is an appropriate measure of national defense while at the same time it is democratic, efficient and morale sustaining. Its enactment was necessary in view of the imminent threat to all democracies. American military and naval experts almost unanimously agreed upon the principles of this act as a measure of national defense. After 86 days of deliberation Congress wisely adopted their recommendation. The act is democratic inasmuch as all citizens equally should contribute to the defense of the nation. No rich man's son can escape the same burden that the poor man's son must bear. At the same time industry as well as man-power is compelled to contribute loyally to the national defense. The act is efficient because it is selective; men are assigned to service according to their respective capacities as scientifically tested. It is morale sustaining because the American democracy, like democracies all over the world, has become soft due to selfish individual interests. A measure of discipline will restore some of our old-time stamina and moral fiber. Of course there is always a danger in conscription, a danger of regimentation and of misuse of military power. This danger can be avoided if intelligent citizens are alert to the possibilities of educational promotion through the military service. I have no doubt that America can adequately meet this danger by a program of sane education.

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..Here is what you do

1. Get Free Sterling Booklet and entry blank from your jeweler or silver department. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us your name and address and we will send booklet and entry blank direct to you.
2. Study this booklet and decide which pattern of Wallace Sterling you like best.
3. Write Wallace Silversmiths, Contest Department, Wallingford, Connecticut, telling why you like the pattern of your choice (25 words or less).
4. Mail your entry before midnight on November 30th, 1940.



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Sir Christopher

Rembrandt

Stradivari

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